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P S A L M S,
H Y M N S,
A N D
A N T H E M S;

SUNG IN THE
CHAPEL of the HOSPITAL,
FOR THE
MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION
OF
EXPOSED AND DESERTED
YOUNG CHILDREN.

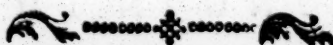
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NOTE.

The Pages in this Collection correspond with those in the Book in which the Words and Music are printed, and sold (as this is) for the Benefit of the Charity.



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H Y M N.

1.

OUR light, our Saviour, is the Lord,
 For nothing need we care;
 The mighty Lord is our support,
 What have we then to fear?

2.

When parents deaf to Nature's voice,
 Their helpless charge forsook;
 Then Nature's God, who heard our cries,
 Compassion on us took.

3.

Continue still to hear our voice,
 When unto Thee we cry;
 And still the infant's praise receive,
 And still their wants supply.

B

PSALM

P S A L M XIX.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue etherial sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole,

3.

What tho' in solemn silence all,
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What tho' no real voice or sound,
Amid' their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine!

P S A L M

P S A L M XXIII.

1.

MY shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

2.

He shall convert, and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame;
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

3.

Yea, tho' I walk in vale of Death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

4.

And in the presence of my foes,
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.

5.

Thro' all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

P S A L M CXLV.

1.

THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

2.

Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hands he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of ev'ry one that lives.

3.

He grants the full desire of those
Who him with fear adore,
And will their troubles soon compose
When they his aid implore.

4.

The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With dreadful wrath destroys.

5.

My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind with one consent,
For ever bless his name.

AN

AN HYMN.

FATHER of mercy, hear our pray'rs,
 For those who do us good,
 Whose love for us a place prepares,
 And kindly gives us food !

Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
 Thou dost inspire and guide ;
 Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
 Who for the poor provide.

Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
 Thy praise we'll ever sing,
 Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
 But thou th' unfailing spring.

For those whose goodness founded this,
 A better house prepare,
 Receive them to thy heav'nly bliss,
 And may we meet them there.

May all the pleasing pains they share,
 Be crown'd with wish'd success,
 The present age applaud their care,
 And future ages bless.

So shall the helpless, who remain,
 Expos'd as we before,
 Increasing still our humble strain,
 With louder songs adore.

A N T H E M.

SING unto the Lord, and praise his name ;
be telling of his salvation from day to
day.

Declare his honour unto the Heathen,
and his wonders unto the people.

For the Lord is great, he cannot worthily
be praised ; he is more to be feared than all
gods.

HALLELUJAH.

PSALM XLI.

1.

THE men are blest whose tender cares,
Relieve the poor distressed;
When troubles compass them around,
The Lord shall give them rest.

2.

The Lord their lives with blessing crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those,
Who seek to do them wrong.

3.

If they in languishing estate,
Opprest with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make their bed,
And inward strength supply.

4.

Let therefore God, our gracious Lord,
From age to age be blest;
And all the people's glad applause,
With loud amens express.

A N H Y M N.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be fought;
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
In Majesty severe;
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear!
But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight:
For never shall my soul despair,
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
To make her pardon sure.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

BEHOLD, the Lord is our salvation; in him will we trust: For the Lord is our strength and our song, and he is become our salvation. Cry aloud, and sing unto the Lord: For great is the holy Lord our God:

HALLELUJAH.

PSALM

P S A L M XVIII.

1.

O God ! sole object of our love ;
Our refuge from our foes ;
Our hope, our fortress, our defence,
Our haven of repose.

2.

When danger, misery and death,
Encompass'd us around,
In 'midst of terror and despair,
Thy mercies still we found.

3.

The Lord descendeth from above,
And bows the heav'ns most high,
And underneath his feet he casts,
The darkness of the sky.

4.

On cherubs wings, Jehovah comes,
The helpless to redress ;
The sinking hills, and trembling earth,
The righteous Judge confess.

HALLELUJAH.

P S A L M

P S A L M LVII.

1.

O God! my heart is fix'd, is bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2.

Awake, my glory, harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the list'ning nations round;
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
'Till thou art here as there obey'd.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Our joyful thanks repeat :
To him due praise afford,
Whose mercies are so great.
For his mercy endureth for ever.

2.

To him, whose pow'r hath made
The heav'ns with mighty hand;
And ocean wide hath spread,
Around the spacious land.
For his mercy endureth for ever, &c.

3.

Thro' heav'n he did display
The numerous hosts of light;
The sun to rule the day,
The moon and stars the night.
For his mercy endureth for ever, &c.

4.

He doth the food supply,
On which all creatures live :
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give !
For his mercy endureth for ever, &c.

AN

A N H Y M N.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where graceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Tho', in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

A N A N T H E M.

IT is good to give thanks unto the Lord,
and to sing praises unto thy name, O thou
Most High!

To shew forth thy loving kindness in the
morning; and thy faithfulness ev'ry night;
for thou Lord, hast made me glad through
thy works: I will triumph in the operations
of thy hands.

Thou Lord, art Most High for evermore.

Amen

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

ARISE, my heart ! my soul, arise !
Jehovah praise ! Sing till the skies
Re-eccho his ascending fame !
My soul, O celebrate his name !

He, as a father to the child,
So soft, so quickly reconcil'd :
He knows the fabric of us all ;
That dust is our original.

Man flourishes like grass, a flower ;
That blows, and withers in an hour :
By scorching heat, by blasting wind,
Destroy'd, and leaves no print behind.

Ye angels, who in strength exceed ;
Who him obey with winged speed ;
Ye order'd host of radiant stars ;
O you, his flaming ministers :

All whom his wisdom did create,
Thro' his wide empire, celebrate
His glorious name, with sweet accord !
Join thou, my soul, to praise the Lord !

Am

A N H Y M N.

GLORY be to God, most high, and on
earth peace, good-will towards men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship
thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee,
for thy great glory, O Lord; heavenly king;
God the Father Almighty.

HALLELUJAH.

AMEN.

A N H Y M N.

COME sing the great Jehovah's praise,
 Whose mercies have prolong'd our days:
 Sing with a joyful voice:
 With bended knees, and raised eyes,
 Adore your God with sacrifice;
 In sacred hymns rejoice.

Great is the God of our defence,
 Transcending all in eminence;
 His hand the earth sustains;
 The deeps, the lofty mountains made,
 The land and liquid plains display'd,
 And curbs them with his reins.

O come, before his footstool fall!
 Our only God, who form'd us all,
 Thro' storms and dangers leads;
 He is our shepherd, we his sheep;
 His hands from wolves and rapine keep;
 In pleasant pastures feeds.

P S A L M XXXIV.

1.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy;
The praises of my God shall still,
My heart and tongue employ.

2.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
'Till all who are distrest;
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3.

Oh make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4.

Fear him ye faints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,
Your wants will be his care.

P S A L M

P S A L M I.

1.

BLEST is the man whose constant feet,
 Strait in the paths of goodness tread:
 Who with the proud ne'er takes his seat,
 Nor is by strife or malice led:
 The law of God is his supreme delight;
 By day his pattern, and his guide by night.

2.

Like as a tree in happy soil,
 With fairest leaves and flow'rs array'd
 Nature repays the planter's toil,
 With pleasant fruit and grateful shade:
 So shall the just in virtue perfect grown,
 See joy and peace his faithful labours crown,

3.

But ne'er shall peace her chearing ray,
 Beam on the wicked's guilty head;
 Entangl'd more, the more he strays,
 By folly and by vice misled:
 Illusive views still disappoint his aim;
 His airy projects vanish like a dream.

4.

When, therefore, from the realms of light,
 The righteous judge on earth appears;
 How shall the wicked stand the sight,
 Opprest with shame, with guilt, and fears?
 In humble confidence the just shall meet,
 The happy sentence of a bliss compleat.

AMEN.

P S A L M XXXIII.

I.
LET all the just to God with joy,
Their chearful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2.
Most faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth,
Is with his goodness crown'd.

3.
By his Almighty Word at first,
The heav'nly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous host of light
At his command appear'd.

4.
Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart,
To ages shall endure.

P S A L M VIII.

1.

LORD how glorious is thy name, [claim!
 Whose pow'r the heav'ns and earth pro-
 Thy glory thou hast set on high,
 Above the regions of the sky:
 Thou shalt the infants voices raise,
 In pow'rful notes to hymn thy praise;
 'Till ev'n thine enemies confess
 Thy works, thy heav'nly pow'r express.

2.

When we the glorious fabric see,
 Sun, moon and stars, dispos'd by thee;
 Oh what is man, or his frail race,
 That thou should'st such a shadow grace!
 The heav'ns th' angelic hosts contain,
 But man thou form'st on earth to reign,
 Whate'er on earth thy hand has made,
 Was under his dominion laid.

3.

The herds that plough the fertile field!
 The flock that fleecy tribute yield:
 All that on dales or mountains feed,
 That shady woods or desarts breed;
 All that thro' æther wing their way,
 Or in the rolling ocean play:
 Lord, how glorious is thy name,
 Whose pow'r the heav'ns and earth proclaim!

P S A L M XCII.

I.

THOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move;
Oh how sweet with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song.

2.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise;
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse!

3.

Let the lute and harp combine,
Organs in the chorus join;
Solemn notes of sweetest sound,
Great *Jehovah's* praise resound.

4.

From thy works our joys arise,
Oh thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare,
How profound thy councils are!

P S A L M CXXXIX.

I.

THou Lord, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2.

Thine eye my bed, and path furveys,
My public haunts, and private ways;
Thou know'st whate'er my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

3.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Wisdom, for human search too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.

4.

Let me acknowledge, O my God!
That since this maze of life I've trod:
The bounties of thy love surmount,
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

5.

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If evil lurks in any part!
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in the perfect way.

P S A L M XC.

I.

LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults;
And justice grows severe:
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts;
And burns beyond our fear.

2.

Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

3.

'Tis but a few whose days amount,
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

4.

Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

5.

Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiser part
And live beyond the grave.

A N H Y M N.

D U E T.

ATTUNE the song to mournful strains,
Of wrongs and woes the song complains;
An orphan's voice essays to swell,
The notes that tears, by turns repel.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Left on the world's bleak waste forlorn;
In sin conceiv'd, to sorrow born;
By guilt and shame foredoom'd to share,
No mother's love, no father's care,
No guide, the devious maze to tread,
Above, no friendly shelter spread.

D U E T.

Alone, amidst surrounding strife,
And naked to the storms of life;
Despair looks round with aching eyes,
And sinking Nature groans and dies.

S O L O.

But who is he that deigns to claim,
From all the wrong'd, a Father's name?
To rapture turn the changing strains:
'Tis God whose hand the world sustains.
He smiling bends, from mercy's throne,
And calls the fatherless his own:
To strangers hands he gives the trust:
We feel that strangers hands are just.
They to the poor his gifts dispense,
And guard the weak with his defence.

C H O R U S.

O Father, let us still be thine,
And claim thine heritage divine!
Still blest, while gratitude repays,
Thy endless love, with endless praise.

A N

A N H Y M N.

THOU great, first cause, least understood!
Who all my sense confin'd;
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun;
Thou know'st, if best bestow'd, or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, seas, skies;
One chorus let all beings raise,
All Nature's incense rise.

P S A L M C V I.

1.

O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love!
Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2.

Who can his mighty deeds express?
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3.

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right: not only so,
But always practice what they know.

4.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

Am

A N H Y M N.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God;
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise!

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song we'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

PSALM LI.

1.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see,
How great my guilt has been.

3.

Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy fight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

4.

In guilt each part was form'd,
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born,
The heir of sin and shame.

5.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me an heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

A N H Y M N.

TO thee, great God, our thanks are due,
Thy goodness we adore ;
Who bids the feeling heart to glow,
With pity for the poor :
Who lets the infant orphan share,
The good man's riches, love and care,
Obscur'd by mean and humble birth,
In ignorance we lay ;
'Till Christian bounty call'd us forth,
And led us into day :
Taught us the word of God t'explore,
And ask his love, and dread his pow'r.
Oh look for ever kindly down,
On those that help the poor !
Oh let success their labors crown
And plenty heap their store !
And may that mite which we've possess'd,
Diffuse a blessing o'er the rest !
And, when before thy judgment seat,
With trembling hope we go ;
Reward, or punishment, to meet,
For what we've done below :
Our shouting voices shall declare
Their tender love to us while here.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.

AN

AN HYMN.

TO thee, O Father of mankind,
 Shall our glad hymns ascend;
 To anger slow, to love inclin'd,
 Whose goodness hath no end!

The poor and needy, from the dust,
 Thy hand vouchsaf'd to raise;
 That in th' assembly of the just,
 They may record thy praise.

Then I will speak, and sing that praise,
 Which doth belong to thee;
 And so declare the wond'rous ways,
 Thou hast been good to me.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN,

An H Y M N for EASTER.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah,
Our triumphant holy-day; Hallelujah.
Who so lately on the cross, Hallelujah.
Suffer'd to redeem our loss. Hallelujah.

Hymns of praises let us sing, Hallelujah.
Unto Christ, our heav'nly king; Hallelujah.
Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hallelujah.
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.

But the anguish he endur'd, Hallelujah.
Our salvation has procur'd Hallelujah.
Now he reigns above the sky, Hallelujah.
Where the angels ever cry. Hallelujah.

AN HYMN for WHITSUNDAY.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth and love;
 Shed thy blest influence from above:
 And still, from age to age, convey,
 The wonders of this sacred day!

In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry tongue,
 Be God's eternal praises sung!
 Thro' all the list'ning earth be taught,
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought!

Unfailing comfort, heav'nly guide;
 Over thy fav'rite church preside;
 Still may mankind thy blessing prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth and love!

P S A L M XCIII.

1.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid;
And the vast fabrick still sustains.

2.

How surely 'stablish'd in his throne,
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!

3.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice!
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell;
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

AN ANTHEM for CHRISTMAS.

BEHOLD, I bring you glad tidings, of
great joy which shall be to all people:
For, unto you is born, this day, a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.

You shall find the babe, wrapt in swaddling
clothes, lying in a manger; and a multitude
of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth,
peace; good will towards men.

HALLELUJAH.

P S A L M CXI.

1.

SONGS of immortal praise belong,
To my Almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our fight !
And men in ev'ry age have fought
His wonders with delight !

2.

How most exact is Nature's frame !
How wise th' eternal mind !
His councils never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts design'd.
When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

3.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM XCV.

1.

OCome, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty king!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3.

The depths of Earth are in his hand!
Her secret wealth at his command:
The strength of hills that reach the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

4.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sov'reign right, is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
That form'd, and fix'd, the solid land.

5.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there!
Down on our knees, devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our maker, fall!

P S A L M CXLVIII,

I.

YE boundless realms of joy
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day ;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay,
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above ;
And clouds that move,
In liquid air.

3.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name ;
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came !
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4.

United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise !
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends !

P S A L M CIV.

I.

MY soul praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name!

O Lord, our great God,
How dost thou appear!
So passing in glory,
That great is thy fame:
Honour and majesty
In thee shine most clear.

2.

With light as a robe
Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heav'ns in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

3.
His chamber beams lie,
In the clouds full sure;
Which, as his chariots,
Are made him to bear:
And there, with much swiftnes,
His course doth endure;
Upon the wings riding,
Of winds in the air,

4.
He maketh his spirits,
As heralds to go;
And lightnings to serve
We see also prest:
His will to accomplish
They run to and fro;
To save, and consume things,
As seemeth him best.

P S A L M . C.

1.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their chearful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2.

Convinc'd that he is God alone;
From whom both we, and all, proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3.

O enter then his temple gate!
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat;
And still his name with praises bless.

4.

For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

A N H Y M N.

1.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
 Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One:
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess thee, infinite unknown.

2.

From thy great Self thy being springs;
 Thou art thine own original:
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficient bears them all.

3.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar and planets shine:
 But nothing like thyself appears,
 Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

4.

Tho' restless nature dies, and grows:
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one.

5.

How shall affrighted mortals dare,
 To sing thy glory, or thy grace;
 Beneath thy feet we lay so far,
 And see but shadows of thy face?

6.

Who can behold the blazing light?
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

A N

A N H Y M N.

INFINITE pow'r, eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t'obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course, thy shining sun,
Keeps his appointed way :
And all the hours obedient run,
The circle of the day.

But, ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from my God !
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thy awful will ;
And every beast, and every tree,
Thy great design fulfil,

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy command obey,
And flesh, and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

Great God, create my soul anew ;
Conform my heart to thine !
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine !

PSALM LXVI.

1.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy saints to shine.

2.

That so thy wond'rous way,
May through the world be known;
While distant lands, their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3.

Let different nations join,
To celebrate thy fame!
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name!

4.

Then shall the teeming ground,
A large increase disclose:
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.

5.

Then God upon our land,
Shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand,
Of his resistless pow'r.

AN

AN ANTHEM.

BLESSED is he that considereth the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord looked down from heaven, and beheld all the children of men. From the habitation of his dwelling; he considereth all them who dwell on the earth.

Yea, like as a father pitieth his children ev'n so is the Lord merciful unto them who fear him.

For he knoweth whereof we are made; and remembereth that we are but dust.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness; and declare his wonders that he doth to the children of men!

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness,

He who hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will be paid him again:

For he shall deliver the poor when he crieth and the needy also; who hath no helper.

Praised be the Lord for evermore;

AMEN.

A N H Y M N.

O Lord, our God, our songs to thee,
 Shall, like thyself, immortal be:
 For ever we'll thy praise express,
 And ev'ry day thy name we'll bless!

Thy hand supports the drooping head;
 Has rais'd the low, the hungry fed:
 Justice, and Truth, thy ways secure;
 And, like thyself, thy works are pure.

To all who pray, the Lord is near;
 If in that pray'r they are sincere:
 Their suits he grants; their wants supplies;
 And saves them, when he hears their cries.

Great is the Lord! his praise abounds,
 And unconfin'd his greatness sounds!
 Our lips his praises shall proclaim,
 And all who live shall bless his name!

PSALM

P S A L M C V I I I .

1.

O God, my heart is fully bent,
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with chearful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame!

2.

Awake, my lute, nor thou my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I, with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day!

3.

To all the list'ning world, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell!

4.

Because thy mercy's boundless height,
The highest heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,
Thy faithful truth extends;

5.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above thy starry frame!
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name!

P S A L M XXXII.

1.

O Blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord,
Imputes their guilt no more !

2.

They mourn their follies past ;
And keep their hearts with care :
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3.

While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;
'Till I confess'd my guilt to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4.

Let finners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near the throne :
Our help, in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

E

P S A L M

P S A L M XXXVI.

I.

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines !
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
That veils, and darkens, thy designs.

2.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3.

Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast thy bounty share :
The whole creation is thy charge ;
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4.

My God ! how excellent thy grace !
Whence all our hope and comfort springs
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

P S A L M C V.

1.

O Render thanks, and bless the Lord!
Invoke his sacred name:
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns;
His wond'rous works rehearse:
Make him the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3.

Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd:
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

4.

Seek ye the Lord; his saving strength,
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek,
His face for evermore.

P S A L M XV.

1.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill?
O God of holiness!

Whom will the Lord permit to dwell,
So near his throne of Grace?

2.

The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands:
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3.

He speaks the meaning of his heart;
Nor flanders with his tongue:
Will scarce believe an ill report;
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

P S A L M IX.

I.

LORD, with united heart and voice,
I will thy praise proclaim :
And with a grateful song rejoice,
To spread thy glorious fame.

2.

The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd ;
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish, or reward.

3.

God is a constant sure defence,
Against oppressing rage :
As troubles rise, his needful aids,
In our behalf engage.

4.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide :
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
That on his help rely'd.

5.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his Abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God !

ANTHEM.

SOLO.

COMFORT ye my people, saith your
God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem;
and cry unto her, that her warfare is accom-
plished; that her iniquity is pardoned.

RECITATIVE.

The voice of him that crieth in the wil-
derness; Prepare ye the way of the Lord?
Make strait, in the desert a highway for our
God!

SOLO.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every
mountain, and hill, made low; the crooked
strait; and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed
and all flesh shall see it together: for the
mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

RECITATIVE.

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear
a son; and shall call his name Immanuel
God with us.

S O L O.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
get thee up into the high mountain! O thou
that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up
thy voice with strength! Lift it up, be not
afraid! Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold
your God! Arise; shine: for thy light is
come; and the glory of the Lord is risen
upon thee.

C H O R U S.

For unto us a Child is born; unto us a
Son is given: and the Government shall be
upon his shoulder; and his name shall be
called Wonder! Counsellor! the Mighty
God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of
Peace!

HALLELUJAH.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

HEARKEN unto me, my people! Give ear unto me, O my nation; My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth. All thy children shall be taught of God; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Can a woman forget her child, that she should have no compassion on her son?

Yea, she may forget; yet will not I forget thee.

Leave thy fatherless children; and I will preserve them alive.

D U E T.

When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.

We are orphans and fatherless; but in thee O Lord, the fatherless findeth mercy!

The lot is fallen unto us in a fair ground; yea, we have a goodly heritage.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The stranger and the fatherless shall come,
and eat, and be satisfied; and the Lord thy
God shall bless thee, in all the work of thine
hand, which thou doest.

S O L O.

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth
unto the Lord; and that which he hath given,
will he pay him again.

Blessed be the man that provideth for the
poor and needy! The Lord will deliver him
in the time of trouble,

C H O R U S.

Blessed shall he be in the city;
Blessed shall he be in the field;
Blessed shall he be when he cometh in;
Blessed shall he be when he goeth out;
Blessed shall he be for ever and ever:
Because he delivered the poor when he cried;
The needy, and him that had no helper.
Blessed shall he be, &c.

AMEN.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

RECITATIVE.

JEHOVAH, Lord! how great, how wond'rous great, how glorious is thy name through all the world? When I behold the heavens, thy fingers art, the moon and stars which thou so bright hast set in the pure firmament, then saith my heart; Oh what is man! that thou rememberest him?

S O L O.

Lord God of Hosts, to whom the pray'r
Of contrite souls is dear;
Thou God, our shield propitious prove,
And thine anointed hear!
For in thy courts one day to be
Is better and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand years at best.

D U E T and C H O R U S .

With chearful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise !

God's tender mercy knows no bounds,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay !

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Taken out of the 22d Chapter of JOB.

S O L O.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, and be at peace with him, and lay up his words in thine heart.

S O L O.

If thou return to the Almighty, put away iniquity from thee: then shall he be thy defence and thy delight; Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he will hear thee.

C H O R U S.

The Lord will deliver the righteous; he will save the humble man.

ANTHEM.

D U E T.

O God! thou art my God; early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh also longeth after thee, in a barren and dry land where no water is.

T R I O.

Thus have I looked for thee in holiness, that I might behold thy power and glory.

S O L O.

For thy loving kindness is better than life itself. My lips shall praise thee: as long as I live will I magnify thee on this manner, and lift up my hands in thy name.

S O L O.

Because thou hast been my helper; therefore, under the shadow of thy wings, will I rejoice.

C H O R U S.

HALLELUJAH.

ANTHEM.

ANTHEM.

MY strength will I ascribe unto thee: for
thou art the God of my refuge.

As for me I will sing of thy power, and
will praise thy mercy; betimes in the morn-
ing: for thou hast been my defence, and
refuge, in the time of my trouble.

Unto thee, O my strength, I will sing!
for thou, O God! art my refuge, and my
merciful God.

CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord, en-
dureth for ever and ever, on them that fear
him; and his righteousness upon childrens
children.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

ARISE, pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord ! Lift up thine hands towards him, for the life of the young children that faint for hunger, in the top of every street.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The tongue of the suckling child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst : the young children ask for bread ; and no man breaketh it unto them.

D U E T.

I fought the Lord, and he heard me ; yea, he delivered me out of all my fears. Lo ! the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him : yea, and saveth him out of all his troubles.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. I have heard their cry ; I know their sorrow.

A father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation. Say no more ! The fathers have eaten four grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

S O L O.

S O L O.

The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, but shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord. Break forth into singing, and cry aloud, O thou afflicted! tossed with tempest, and not comforted. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations: for thy Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel.

R E C I T A T I V E.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In righteousness shalt thou be established. Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.

S O L O.

O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength. O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

C H O R U S.

For this cause will we give thanks and sing praises unto thy name. The Lord liveth, and blessed be our strong helper; and praise be the God of our salvation.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

D U E T.

O God of my righteousness, hear me when I call! Thou hast set me at liberty when I was in trouble; have mercy upon me, and hearken unto my prayer.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O! ye sons of men, how long will ye blaspheme mine honour, and have pleasure in vanity? Know this, the Lord hath chosen to himself the man that is godly.

S O L O.

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, O Lord! that mak'st me to dwell in safety.

C H O R U S.

The Lord will deliver the righteous, he will save the humble man.

F

ANTHEM.

ANTHEM.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

DUET.

THE Lord is my shepherd, therefore can
I want nothing. He shall feed me in
green pastures, and lead me forth beside the
waters of comfort. He shall convert my
soul, and bring me in the paths of righteous-
ness.

SOLO.

Though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou
art with me.

RECITATIVE.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord;
and thou givest them their meat in due
season.

SOLO.

Thou openest thy hand, and fillest
things living with plenteousness.

CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord
dureth for ever on them that fear him;
his righteousness on children's children.

ANTHEM for GOOD-FRIDAY.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

S O L O.

MY God, my God, look upon me! Why
hast thou forsaken me, and art so far
from my health, and the words of my com-
plaint?

S O L O.

I am poured out like water, and all my
bones are out of joint; my heart also, in the
midst of my body, is even like melting wax.
They pierced my hands and my feet; I may
tell all my bones. They stand staring, and
looking upon me; they part my garments
among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord!
Make haste to help me, O Lord God of my
salvation!

C H O R U S.

Be not thou far from me; haste thee to
help me, O Lord God of my salvation!

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ANTHEM for CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

S O L O.

BEHOLD, I bring you glad tidings of
great joy, which shall be to all people:
For unto you is born, this day, a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.

S O L O and C H O R U S.

Glad tidings of great joy, which shall be
to all people.

Glory to God on high; and on earth peace
good-will towards men.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN

ANTHEM

A N T H E M.

Set by Mr. KENT.

Taken out of the 55th Psalm.

D U E T.

HEAR my pray'r, O God; and hide not
thyself from my petition.

S O L O.

Take heed unto me and hear me, how I
mourn in my pray'r, and am vexed.

R E C I T A T I V E.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the
fear of death is fall'n upon me.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a
dove; then would I flee away, and be at
rest.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

Taken out of the 119th Psalm.

S O L O.

TEACH me O Lord, the way of thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end; give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law. Yea, I shall keep it with my whole heart.

S O L O.

Make me to go in the paths of thy commandments, for therein is my desire. O turn away mine eyes, least they behold vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way. O 'stablish thy word in thy servant, that I may fear thee.

C H O R U S.

Behold, my delight is in thy commandments; O quicken me in thy righteousness.

AMEN.

ANTHEM

A N T H E M.

Set Dr. NARES.

Taken out of the 146th Psalms.

D U E T.

THE Lord is righteous in all his ways,
and holy in all his works. The Lord
is nigh unto all them that call upon him;
all such as call upon him faithfully; the
Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in
all his works.

S O L O.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear
him. He also will hear their cry, and will
help them: Thou, Lord, hast heard our de-
sires, and giv'n an heritage unto those that
fear thy name.

D U E T.

Therefore shall every good man sing of
thy praise without ceasing.

HALLELUJAH.

C H O R U S.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.

F 4

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. NARES.

Taken out of the 75th Psalm.

S O L O.

AWAKE up my glory, awake lute and harp; I myself will awake right early. I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people; and I will sing unto thee among the nations; for the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heav'ns, and thy truth unto the clouds. Awake up my glory, awake lute and harp; I myself will awake right early.

C H O R U S and S O L O.

Set up thyself, O God, above the heav'ns, and thy glory above all the earth.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. NARES.

Taken out of the 137th Psalm.

D U E T.

BY the waters of Babylon we sat down
and wept, when we remembered thee,
O Sion. As for our harps, we hang'd them
upon the trees that were therein.

R E C I T A T I V E.

For they that led us away captive, re-
quir'd of us a song.

D U E T.

And melody in our heaviness: Sing us one
of the songs of Sion.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O daughter of Babylon wasted with misery.

D U E T.

Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth
thee, as thou hast served us.

C H O R U S.

O daughter of Babylon wasted with mi-
sery. Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth
thee, as thou hast served us.

ANTHEM.

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ANTHEM.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Taken out of the 1st Part of the 119th Psalm.

D U E T.

Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and seek him with their whole heart.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Thou hast charged, that we shall diligently keep thy commandments.

S O L O.

O, that my ways were made so direct, that I might keep thy statutes! Open thou mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of thy law.

D U E T.

Then will I talk of thy commandments, and have respect unto thy ways. My delight shall be in thy statutes, and I will not forget thy word.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

My lips shall speak of thy praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes. Yea, my tongue shall sing of thy word; for all thy commandments are righteous.

MEHTMA

ANTHEM.

AN T H E M.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Taken out of the last Part of the 119th Psalm.

S O L O.

LET my complaint come before thee,
O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word. Let my supplication come before thee; deliver me according to thy word.

C H O R U S.

Let my supplication come before thee; deliver me according to thy word.

S O L O.

My lips shall speak of thy praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes; yea, my tongue shall sing of thy word, for all thy commandments are righteous. Let thine hand help me, for I have chosen thy commandments. I have longed for thy saving health, O Lord; and in thy law is my delight. O let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and thy judgments shall help me.

C H O R U S.

O! let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and thy judgments shall help me.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Taken out of the 84th Psalm.

S O L O

BLESSED are they that dwell in thy house; they will alway be praising thee. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are thy ways.

D U E T.

They will go from strength to strength; and unto the God of gods appeareth ev'ry one of them in Sion.

S O L O.

O Lord, God of hosts, hear my prayer; and hearken, O God of Jacob. Behold, O God our defender, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

D U E T.

The Lord God is a light and defence; the Lord will give grace and worship; and no good thing shall be withheld from them that live a godly life.

C H O R U S.

O Lord, God of hosts, blessed is the man that putteth his trust in thee.

ANTHEM

A N T H E M,

Set by Dr. GREENE

Taken out of the 68th Psalm.

D U E T.

O Sing unto God, sing praises to his name,
and rejoice before him.

S O L O.

He is a father of the fatherless. He defendeth the cause of the widows, and bringeth the prisoners out of captivity.

S O L O.

Praised be the Lord daily ; ev'n the God who helpeth us, and poureth his benefits upon us.

D U E T.

He is our God, ev'n the God of whom cometh salvation ; God is the Lord by whom we escape death.

C H O R U S and D U E T.

Sing unto God, O ye kingdoms of the earth ; O, sing praises unto the Lord.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Taken out of the 113th Psalm.

D U E T.

PRAISE the Lord, ye servants; O praise
the name of the Lord. Blessed be the
name of the Lord, from this time forth for
ever more.

S O L O.

The Lord's name is praised, from the rising
up of the sun, unto the going down of the
same. The Lord is high above all heathens,
and his glory above the heavens.

C H O R U S and D U E T.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, that
hath his dwelling so high, and yet humbleth
himself to behold the things that are in hea-
ven and earth.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Taken out of the 138th Psalm.

D U E T.

I Will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, with my whole heart. Ev'n before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.

S O L O.

I will worship and praise thy name, because thou hast magnified thy name, and thy word above all things.

S O L O.

When I called upon thee, thou heardest me, and enduedst my soul with much strength. For tho' the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly, but beholdeth the proud afar off.

T R I O.

Tho' I walk in the midst of trouble, yet shalt thou refresh me. Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand upon the furiousness of mine enemies; and thy right hand shall save me.

C H O R U S.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord. Yea, they shall sing that great is the glory of the Lord. AMEN.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Taken out of the 147th Psalm.

S O L O.

O Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
sing praises upon the harp unto our
God.

S O L O.

Great is our Lord, and great is his pow'r;
yea, and his wisdom is infinite. The Lord
setteth up the meek, and bringeth the un-
godly down to the ground. The Lord de-
lighteth in them that fear him, and put their
trust in his mercy.

S O L O and C H O R U S.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy
God, O Sion.

A N H Y M N.

Set by Mr. JOHN PRINTER.

C H O R U S.

A Lmighty Lord! dispose each mind
To seek the good of human kind:
Teach us with others joys to glow;
Teach us to feel for others woe.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ye who, by Heav'n's protecting care,
Have hap'ly 'scap'd temptation's snare:
'Tis your's to hide a daughter's shame;
'Tis your's to guard a sister's fame;

S O L O.

In that torn breast which heaves with sighs,
What fierce contending passions rise!
Timely suppress the fatal strife,
And save the harmless infant's life.

D U E T.

Behold, in misery's dreary shade,
The widow with her children laid:
Hear them with piteous moans deplore
Husband and father now no more.

G

SOLO;

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S O L O.

The helpless babe, by hunger prest,
Clings to the famish'd mother's breast :
In vain it ev'ry effort tries ;
Life's fountains yield it no supplies.

C H O R U S.

Thanks be to God, who heard our cry,
When not one earthly friend was nigh !
To him our voices let us raise,
In songs of gratitude and praise.

HALLELUJAH.

AMEN.

H Y M N.

(*Before the Sacrament.*)

Set by Dr. Cook.

S O L O.

FORGIVE, O Lord! our frailties past,
Henceforth, we will obey thy call:
Our sins far from us let us cast,
And turn to Thee, devoutly, all.

C H O R U S.

Then, with archangels, we shall sing
Praises to heaven's eternal king.

D U E T.

Hear us, O God! in mercy hear,
With sorrow, we our guilt deplore;
Pity our anguish, calm our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more.

C H O R U S.

Then, with archangels, we shall sing
Praises to heaven's eternal king.

S O L O.

While at yon altar's foot we kneel,
And of the holy rite partake;
Our pardon, Lord! vouchsafe to seal,
For Jesus our Redeemer's sake.

C H O R U S.

Then, with archangels, we shall sing
Praises to heaven's eternal king

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Set by Dr. Cook.

C H O R U S.

REjoice, the promis'd Saviour's come!
Him shall the blind behold!
The deaf shall hear! and by the dumb
His wond'rous works be told!

S O L O.

The weary nations shall have rest,
The rage of war shall cease,
The earth with innocence be blest,
And plenty dwell with peace.

D U E T.

Light, from it's sacred source shall spread
O'er all it's saving beams;
In pastures fair shall all be fed,
All drink of comfort's streams.

S O L O.

Sweet as the breeze on Carmel's brow,
The waste shall shed perfume:
There lillies spring, and violets grow,
And Sharon's rose shall bloom.

C H O R U S.

Rejoice, the promis'd Saviour's come!
Him shall the blind behold!
The deaf shall hear! and by the dumb
His wond'rous works be told!

AN EASTER- HYMN.

Set by Dr. Cook.

CHORUS.

HE's ris'n, Christ is ris'n from the dead,
 Captivity is captive led;
 For us the victory is gain'd,
 For us eternal life obtain'd. Hallelujah.

SOLO.

Triumphant o'er the powers below,
 O'er sin the source of all our woe,
 Thro' death's dark vale, he smooth'd our way,
 To realms of everlasting day. Hallelujah.

DUET.

Who shall presume to charge with guilt
 The man, for whom Christ's blood was spilt?
 For man He came from heav'n to die,
 And him He rose to justify. Hallelujah.

SOLO and DUET.

Vain were our faith, our hopes were vain,
 If Jesus were not ris'n again.
 We have God's promise, and we trust,
 He will to glory raise the just. Hallelujah.

CHORUS.

When the last trump is heard on high,
 And shouts of angels rend the sky,
 The dead in Christ shall rise and sing,
 Loud Hallelujahs to their God and King.
 Hallelujah.

A WHITSUNDAY HYMN.

Set by Dr. Cook.

C H O R U S.

SPIRIT of God! on Thee we call,
O hear us, and Thy Gifts impart;
Lamenting, penitent, we fall,
Descend into our inmost heart.

S O L O.

Our strongest efforts all are vain,
Spirit of Mercy! set us free;
Captive to sin we must remain,
Till we are sanctified by Thee.

S O L O.

In time of wealth, Protecting Power!
From pride and every ill defend;
And in affliction's keenest hour,
Be Thou our comforter and friend.

D U E T.

When grief bows down the hoary head,
When tears bedew the widow's eye,
When the poor orphan cries for bread,
Let charity their wants supply.

C H O R U S.

Vouchsafe to lend a gracious ear,
And quickly come, Thou heav'nly guest!
Come and abide for ever here;
Thy temple is the christian's breast.

F I N I S.





A WHITSUNDAY HYMN.

Set by Dr. Cook.

C H O R U S.

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